The World

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NO BROADWAY TUNNEL?

The Pennsylvania is perfecting its plans for the long tunnel from the Jersey meadows to Manhattan and pushing the preliminary work of construction. The work of boring the tunnel from Brooklyn Heights to the lower city is in progress. The original North River tunnel below Christopher street is advancing toward completion.

Yet at the very time of this triple demonstration of the entire feasibility of engineering undertakings of this kind Mr. Belmont informs the Rapid Transit Commission that he is prepared to abandon the Broadway tunnel because of the "growing spirit of antagonism to any work involving the further opening of the streets." If he cannot build this additional subway by the old method of the open ditch he would prefer not to build it at all.

The direct power of public sentiment is rarely more strikingly exhibited than in the effect of this "spirit of antagonism" in preventing the repetition on downtown Broadway of the deplorable engineering muss which well nigh depopulated the upper sections of that street. Whether or not there is to be a tunnel under this main thoroughfare of retail trade there is pretty certainly not to be a ditch through it, with a renewal of the old perils to pedestrians and demoralization of business.

The opposition at least has carried its point.

MOVING TO THE SUBURBS.

There seems not to have been as much moving on this Oct. 1 as last year; the modern flat as now improved offers a degree of desirability in the matter of luxury, with which the city-loving tenant is fain to rest content. Besides, the offer of a month off is not now so generously made by the agent.

The October moving day is of somewhat recent growth in popularity. The practice now obtains of changing one's office on May 1 and one's abode six months later. How extensive is this May shifting of business addresses is indicated by the change of 10,000 telephone calls. Of how great the fall migration of families is the busy times of the 200 storage companies with their 2,000 vans give an impressive idea. The development of the van itself to a capacity of 16 feet by 5½x6 is eloquent for those who recall its rudimentary beginnings in the covered truck.

One of the distinctive features of this fall's moving day was that the procession was mostly headed toward the northwest—through Harlem into the Bronx. The increase in population of this outlying district within the last ten years is but little less than amazing. While from 1890 to 1900 the population of Manhattan increased 29 per cent., a large figure, that of the Bronx increased by 127 per cent.; where in the former year this borough had 88,000 inhabitants in 1900 it had 200,537. In the same period Queens increased its population 75 per cent.

This development is chiefly due to rapid transit, so called. The real rapid transit which the next few years will provide will stimulate a still greater growth of the suburban boroughs. The wise tenant of moderate means seeks the detached house which these districts give him, whereby he has his "country in town," as it were, a lawn and a bit of garden with easy access to the white light lane at night if he desires.

It is a boon he has to go a distance to obtain. By the city's northward movement its most populous block is now between West Sixty-first and Sixty-second streets; but that it is worth the expenditure of time in transit he fully recognizes.

A RAILROAD GATEMAN

Something very admirable in humble heroism was the act of the Long Island Railroad gateman, Edward G. Roscoe, in saving the life of a woman at the cost of his own.

Roscoe had fulfilled the letter of his duty in dropping the gates to prevent access to the tracks. In running after the woman who had evaded this barrier and rescuing her from the fate she had deliberately invited he assumed a protective care not expected of him.

It might be supposed that a gateman's long hours of monotonous watchfulness in all weathers would relax his vigilance. A thousand trains go by him without accident, ten thousand; the gates rise and fall mechanically day after day, year after year, protecting the public against its own heedlessness. Then the moment of emergency comes and he is alert and ready. He has usually reached a time of life when a lapse of attention might be expected, but it is not often that it occurs.

Throughout a great railway corporation's rank and file, in all departments of the service, this faithfulness to duty is found. It exists in the employee on starvation wages as notably as in the engineer. It is a fine trait of American character.

STAGE REALISM.

A popular novel of some years ago, which had for its theme the story of wheat speculation and for its climax a scene of vivid realism in the pit on the day of a panic, has been adapted for stage presentation. In order that the greatest fidelity to fact may be maintained the author of the stage version has engaged a former wheat magnate, experienced in trading and notorious for the collapse of the corner he engineered, to superintend the rehearsal of the panic scene.

The spectacle of Mr. Joseph Leiter in this obliging advisory role will be most edifying as showing the advance of stage realism. Why was Vanderbilt not consulted when "The Henrietta" was put on the boards? Mr. Bronson Howard missed a great opportunity. What an advantage to "Barbara Frietchie" to have had the advice of a veteran of the march through Frederic town! What a finishing touch of realism was lost to "When We Were Twenty-one" by the neglect to call on some ancient of the Union Club for pointers! Where was Harry Lehr during the rehearsals of "The Climbers?"

To the progress of stage management toward the perfection of detail and the acquirement of "atmosphere" no bounds can be set. Bernhardt, a pioneer, studied "Camille" in a consumptives' ward. Miss Walsh, before producing "The Resurrection," went on a mission to Tolstoi, its author. To say that the player keeps pace with the stage manager in going to original sources for inspiration is to bestow full praise for such enterprise.

The Evening World Serial.—The continued story in The Evening World next week will be "Doris," a work by "The Duchess," showing no deterioration of the qualities which have made that author one of the most popular of novelists of passion. It is a love story of thrilling interest. Publication will begin in Monday's paper and end in Saturday's.

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Takes His Sweetheart, Miss Sixfoot, Slumming. They Are Unfortunately on Hand When the Police Raid a Bowery Dance Hall

Physical Culture for Hustling New Yorkers

LESSON III.

Running the Gauntlet of Ticket Speculators.

As the theatrical season advances the ordeal of running the gauntlet of the ticket speculator becomes more and more strenuous. Many strong men have gone down in their heroic attempts to pass through the ordeal. Therefore the following method of treatment is prescribed, and if pursued persistently should be of vast physical benefit.

Recently a Swede of Oshkosh, Wis., invented a grabbing machine.

It is a device with long, spring arms, equipped with automatic hook hands that close with the grip of a bear trap.

Secure a dozen grabbing machines and fasten them to the wall of the narrow hallway of your flat.

Rehearsing with the Machines.

Adjust the machines with wire under the hall carpet, which when stepped upon will set off the springs.

Borrow a lay figure from your wife's dressmaker and test the strength of the grabbers.

If the figure is reduced to a mass of tangled atoms in the first grip of the hooks you can begin the exercise.

First don your evening clothes and then place a wallet, carelessly fastened with a padlock and iron chains, in every pocket of your Tuxedo.

Walk leisurely to the hallway.

As you step on the first wire the grabbers will shoot out with terrific force, one automatic hook clamping about your throat and the other snapping on a wallet.

Gently but firmly, release yourself from the embrace, politely backing away from the steel-trap clutch, exerting only enough strength to break the iron chain attached to a wallet, leaving it, of course, in the grip of the grabber.

As you back away you will step on another wire, when two more steel spring arms will shoot at you, one hook seizing you in some tender spot and the other securing a second wallet with mechanical precision.

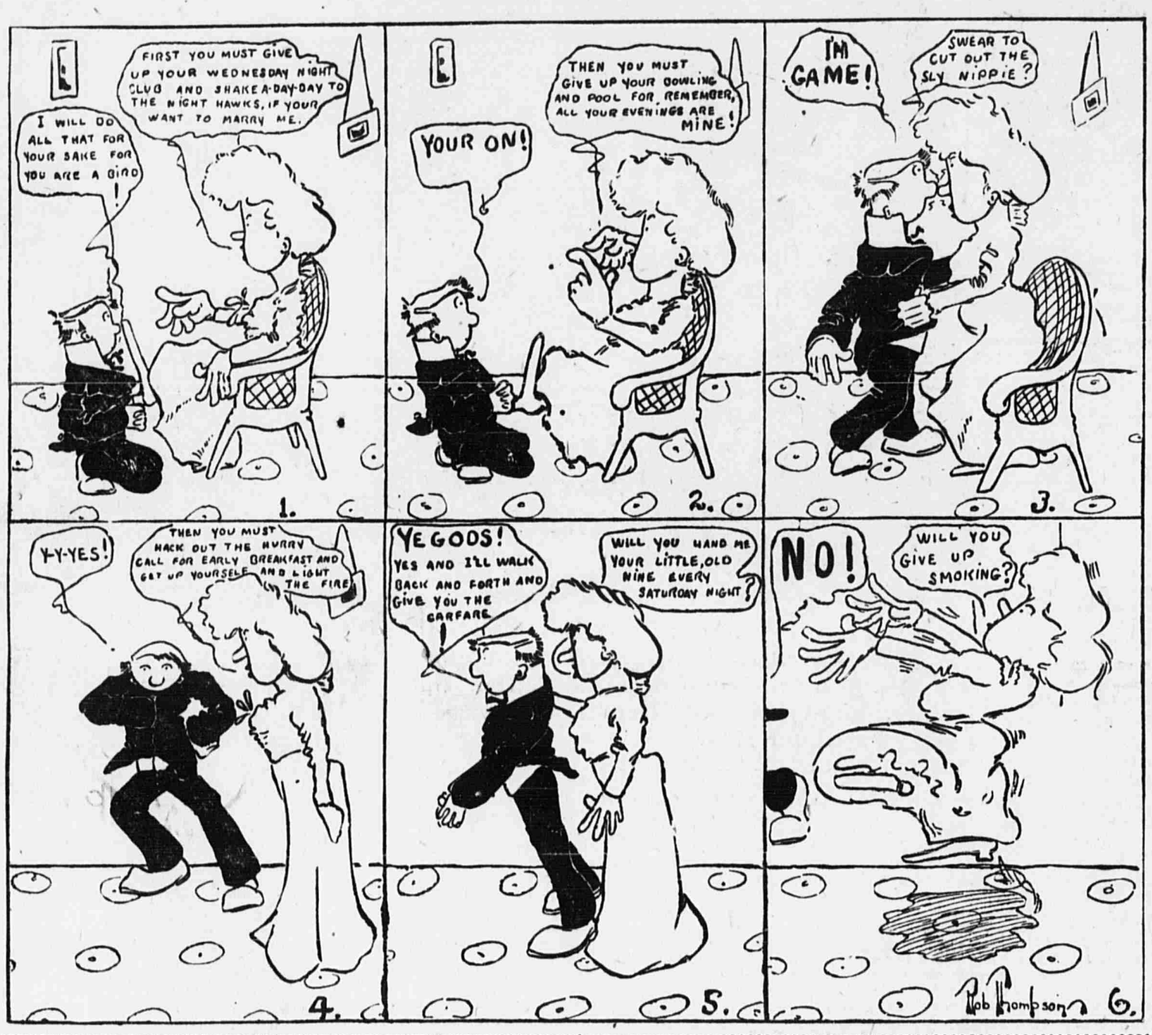
By the time you reach the eleventh grabber there should be a few shreds of your vest and a fragment of your other clothing left, but continue to back away with the same polite firmness with which you began.

If you are at all delicate you might have some lint and bandages ready for you when you finish the exercise.

Strong men should take this treatment twice a week, frail men once a week.

The Woman No Man Will Marry

No. 1.—She Asks Him to Give Up So Much He Ends by Giving Her Up



IT WOULD SEEM SO.

"I suppose," remarked the cabin passenger, "there is more gambling on ocean steamers in summer than there is in winter."

"Yes," replied the captain, "but there are not so many cold decks."

LUXURIES.

Caller—I suppose there's much change about the house since baby came?

Newpop—That's where you're dead wrong! There's mighty little.

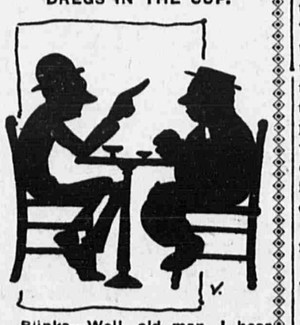
WHY HE CARED.

Bulky Butters—What's de wedder going to be, pard? Jes' look in yer paper.

Freddie—Why should I—aw—do that?

Bulky Butters—Well, I'm goin' to take a nap an' I don't wanter be rained on—see?

DREGS IN THE CUP.



Blinks—Well, old man, I hear your are installed in your new house at last.

Jinks—Yes; and the instalment man is beginning to get his work in.

The Man Higher Up.

The Fall Fashions Show Freakiness.

"I SAW a woman this morning with a lace curtain on her hat," said the Cigar Store Man.

"I wouldn't be surprised to see a woman with a bale of hay on her hat these days," said the Man Higher Up. "These new styles in men's and women's clothes are all to the freak. I was riding in a street car the other day when a large lady got aboard and staggered down the aisle. She couldn't see. Her face was bandaged with veils.

"She sat down and began to peel off the veils. There was a blue veil on top of her hat, streaming out behind like the tailboard of a wagon. Over that she had a brown veil which hung down in front of her face. She skinned up the brown veil until it made a bunch around her forehead, and under that she had a white veil so thick you could hardly get a flash at her face through it. This veil came down to her mouth. If it had gone below her chin she would have smothered to death.

"I got to keeping cases on women's hats after that, and found that nearly all of them wear lids that look like bargain counters. When I asked a couple of them why they wore so many veils they said because it was the style. But I framed up the reason for the style all right, all right.

"Women riding in automobiles have to wear a bundle of veils to keep part of the road over which they are travelling from settling into their faces. The milliners got next to this and set the style. Now you see girls and women who wouldn't know how to get into an automobile wearing the automobile woman's collection of veils, and the funny part of it is that most of them think that the bluff they are chucking is in right.

"Another feature of woman's attire that puts me in a solitaire guessing contest is the fashion of wearing silver buttons fastened to the outside of their street gowns. Many of the women you meet are so encumbered with silver or aluminum buttons that they look like an Indian dressed up for a jag. I haven't found any that tell me why it is as it is. The chances are that some dealer in dresses had a stock of buttons he wanted to work off, sewed them onto the gowns and made the fashion stick.

"However, the men haven't got any the best of it. The guys who think they are in the style wear clothes this fall that make them resemble advertisements for 'Parsifal'. I saw a young chap walking up Broadway the other day wearing a suit that reminded me of a section of fancy cement sidewalk. I thought he must be the goods, and when he entered a drug store I stood on the outside, kind of rubbering in the window at the face powder and things. This guy with the passionate suit went behind the soda-water fountain, shed his coat, put on a jacket and apron, shook off his patent leathers, inserted his feet in a pair of kicks that had green mould on them and was ready to earn his living."

"I don't suppose a man would dare wear his last fall's suit this fall?" remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"I don't see why not," answered the Man Higher Up. "If he hasn't lost the ticket."

England's Idea of the Race.

We are glad to know that the tiresome yacht race business is over at last. It is to be hoped that no English patriot will break his heart over the fact that the evident conclusion has been reached in the defeat for the third time of our national champion, Sir Thomas Lipton, says the Saturday Review (English). If we have not won the cup through him we seem at least to have increased the stores of the English language by importing the charming phrase "nip and tuck" in substitution of what will probably become the extinct phrase of neck and neck. No practitioner of sporting journalism but will feel bound to lay this treasure on every possible occasion before his readers. We should be more satisfied that the race is over if we were only to be spared from long disquisitions about why Reliance beat Shamrock and the rest of it. Surely nobody really cares.

How a Bird Dresses.

As bird fashions do not change, two suits a year are quite enough for most birds, but they need to take great care of them. Each separate feather must be cleaned and looked over and the useless ones pulled out. These feathers are not packed close together, you know, but lie loose, and have places between filled with air. When a bird wants to get warmer he lifts his feathers so that at these air spaces may be larger; but if his feathers are tangled or wet and dirty he could not raise them, and soon he could not keep the heat in his little body, and would die, of course.

Queer Uses of English.

No man living, perhaps, can pronounce the English language aright, at all times and in all places. For correctness depends largely on time and place, and sometimes to be right you must be wrong. As soon as you step on shipboard and sail, the horizon, being clear and definite, sheds the need for a long "i," and at sea it rhymes with "orizon." In the army a route is always called a "rowte." Moreover, the cavalry, by long-standing tradition, calls a horse an "orse," and the order is "stand to 'orses."

The Rainbow Feather

By Fergus Hume

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A Girl of Mystery

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Milly Lester, a village beauty, is engaged to Darcy Herne, the local squire, a fanatical man, subject to religious trances. She is loved by Lucas Lovel, a young painter. Her body, with a pistol wound in the head, is found in a lane. Her father, a drunken doctor, is suspected of the murder. An old gypsy woman, Mother Jimboy, prophesied the girl's death. Paul Mexton, a reporter, who is in love with Milly's half-sister, Iris, goes to work on the case.

Mother Jimboy declares the murder was committed by the local rector, the Rev. Mr. Chaskin, who loved Milly.

Dr. Lester is tried for the murder and acquitted. In court Darcy Herne declares himself guilty of the crime. Mr. Chaskin interrupts the squire by announcing that he has just received the written confession of the real murderer.

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CHAPTER VI.

The Confession.

THE clergyman, half an hour later, in the Judge's private room, laid a written confession before Lovel, Drek, Mexton and Herne.

"I wrote this," he said, "at the dictation of the murderer. It is attested by two reliable witnesses."

"Who is the murderer?" asked Paul eagerly.

"Mother Jimboy."

A cry of surprise interrupted him.

"She was dying and sent for me. She dictated the confession almost with her last breath. Shall I read it?"

And, amid a hush of wonder, the vicar read the following document:

"My name is Nance Jimboy, but I was born a Lovel. My son was a musician and, tired of gipsy life, he went among the Gentiles, with whom he became famous. He married a Gorgio woman against my wish and cut himself off from the gentle Romany. His rani died in giving birth to a son—Lucas Lovel—for his father took my maiden name when he turned to the Gentiles. Then my son perished, and the boy was brought up by a maiden aunt. I knew al about his life and watched his progress, as he was my only grandson. He became a painter and wandered abroad for many years. When he returned he came down to Barnstead and fell in love with the beautiful girl who was to marry Squire Herne.

"My object in getting rid of Miss Lester was to let Lucas make a good marriage. I knew that he was loved by Miss Clyde, of Clyde's Farm, a rich lady who was devoted to him. Lucas is not clever enough to make money for himself, and as he had very little I wanted him to place himself beyond the reach of poverty by wedding with Miss Clyde. I urged him to do so; but, not knowing that I was his grandmother, he refused to speak with me on the subject. He continued to meet Miss Lester, until, by pretending to read her hand, I gave her a friendly warning of what she might expect if she continued her evil ways with Lucas.

"The next evening, after 8 o'clock, I went to Winding Lane to see what would occur. I did not know if Squire Herne would come down in answer to my letter, but I knew that if he did he would certainly kill the girl.

"In the Winding Lane, close by the stile, I saw Miss Lester and Lucas talking together. I was hidden in the bushes near them. Shortly afterwards Squire Herne, wrapped in a heavy cloak, stole through the wood. I saw him pause a short distance away from me. I could have almost touched him. He had a pistol in his hand.

"I was glad because I wished her out of the way so that Lucas could marry Miss Clyde. But Squire Herne did not shoot, although, as I thought, he had stood up to do so. I crept near him and found that he was in a trance and quite incapable of motion. I suppose rage at the sight of Lucas and Miss Lester threw him into the trance. The pistol had fallen from his hand and lay on the grass. I seized it, for I was angered to think that my plot to rid myself of the girl by the hand of Squire Herne should fail. I waited for a moment and then raised the pistol and fired. Miss Lester fell with a cry and I saw Lucas bending over her. Then I put the pistol in my pocket and crept away as quickly as I could.

"Shortly afterward Lucas came to my tent, and I promised to save him by swearing to a lie at the inquest. I did so; but I did not tell him that I had killed the girl. Afterward, when I heard that he was likely to be accused, I told Mr. Mexton that the Vicar had killed Miss Lester. When I saw Mr. Chaskin it was before the murder was committed, and he was going away from the Winding Lane. I accused him only to save Lucas, and because his name was on the pistol.

"I would not have confessed the truth now," were Mrs. Jimboy's final words, "but I am dying. It will do me no good to hurt Mr. Chaskin, and I can save Lucas as well by confessing myself the criminal. I killed Miss Lester, and everybody else accused of the crime is innocent. I am dying, and I ask everybody's pardon.

And here, with the discovery of Milly's assassin, the main interest of the tale, such as it is, comes to an end. But those who have been interested in this drama of a provincial town may desire to know how the other characters fared when the culminating point of the tragedy with which they were concerned was reached.

Well, Paul Mexton ended in marrying Iris Link, and in becoming the sub-editor of the Tory Times. Iris is devoted to her husband and is happier than ever she was in her life.

Miss Clyde, as may be guessed, married Lucas, for she pursued him with such vigor that she absolutely forced him to become her husband. He is happier than he deserves to be, for both Mrs. Lovel and Mrs. Drass adore him, and he leads a fairly contented life.

Dr. Lester never touched drink again—that is, strong drink—for the lesson taught by Miss Clyde was severe, but efficacious. He is getting together a good practice and, on the whole, is quite a reformed character. Francis Chaskin is still the Vicar of Barnstead, and is still adored by his parishioners—particularly the female portion.

As to Herne, he laid flowers on Milly's grave for two months, then ceased to visit the cemetery at all, and went up to London. There he met again with Catinka, and, unmindful of her treachery, he suffered himself to be beguiled. She now uses his money to further her plots against the Czar and to free Poland. Chaskin cannot persuade Herne to leave her, so what with funds and ambitions and reckless members there may be trouble expected from the Society of the Rainbow Feather.

THE END.